The Missionary Herald

VOLUME CXVII MAY 1921 NUMBER 5

SECRETARY BARTON'S article in this number, entitled "A Need and a Call," deals more directly with international politics than is usual with contributions to the *Missionary Herald.* But mission interests in Turkey and, in general, throughout the Near East are so affected by national settlements after the war that it is quite impossible to adjudge the missionary situation and outlook without taking account of political movements. Secretary Barton's recent visit to England in the interest of America's stake in the Near East area, through her charitable, educational, and missionary undertakings there, brought him chance to meet representatives of the lands involved who had gathered for the Premiers' Conference and exceptional opportunities to confer with men of high influence and leadership in Great Britain's foreign affairs. He is therefore particularly qualified to set forth the tangled problem of determining Turkey's fate.

Political Despair and Missionary Hope as to Turkey

His report is not a pleasant tale; it reveals national schemings and a diplomacy that is very far from "open." It stirs a righteous indignation to face the possibility of Turkey's being restored to her former place, bolstered up in her sovereignty because of the many jealousies or fears of the Great Powers, and enabled to resume her atrocious rule of subject races with only such conditions and warnings as from long practice she has become adept to evade. It is with heavy heart that we watch the drift of events which seems to lead irresistibly to the reinstatement of the tottering Ottoman Empire. The victorious Allies are too exhausted to carry through to its rightful issue the defeat of Turkey and their associates; our own mighty America considers the matter too remote and difficult for it to attempt. Between them all not a hand is raised to prevent further despoiling and slaughter of the non-Moslem races in Turkey; only a weak and ineffectual protest of words stands between the recovered tyrant and his victims. "O Lord, how long!"

Meanwhile some gleams of light come from the opposite quarter. The experience of the war years and the surrender of Turkey, after her proud partnership with Germany and her confident entry into the war, have humbled and depressed many of her people. The racial strength of the Armenian people, their loyalty to their faith, and the heroic, unflinching, and impartial devotion of the Christian missionaries, also have made their deep impress. A new spirit and approachableness are manifest among Moslems in various quarters. A recent letter from Dr. George F. Herrick, veteran observer and keen judge of Turkish affairs, contains a paragraph which offers a brighter close to this Note:—

"The confidence of the Turks in Americans they have come to know and the hope they cherish for American aid are clearly exhibited by the fact that application by Turkish parents for the admission of their sons and daughters into American colleges and high schools has now become actually embarrassing. The number of Moslem pupils already received into all these institutions is very large, and many applicants have necessarily been refused or their acceptance postponed. The "open door" for American Christians to help in the most essential ways

for a better solution of the problems of the Near East brings an appeal altogether unmatched for a hundred years."

All Aboard for Los Angeles

IF to many Congregationalists Los Angeles seems a long way off, it must be remembered that to those who dwell on the Pacific Coast the Atlantic seaboard is no less remote. And far more National Council and American Board meetings are held near Boston and New York than near Los Angeles or San Francisco. It took as much devotion for men and women to come from our farthest West to attend the International Council in Boston, last July, as it will for the New Englander to travel out to California for the Congregational round-up of next July (1–9). Turn about is fair play, brethren; so instead of shaking the head and holding tight to the pocketbook, let us consider carefully if it can't be done.

This is a fateful time in our denominational history. There are many and big questions to be faced. And the judgment and support of the Congregational folk from every section of the country are urgently needed. For the American Board there is the inescapable problem of readjustment after the war. Shall we anticipate that the income will rise to the present outgo and with enough more to take care of the growing work? Or must the outgo be scaled down to meet an inadequate income; that is, in other words, has the time come when we must cut off some missions or some lines of work? These are the questions upon which the Prudential Committee and the officers have been pondering during recent months. Plainly we cannot go on as we have been doing the last two years, incurring a persistently increasing deficit. It is really a question for the constituency to decide; the administering forces can only carry out the will of the constituency. To learn that will, the facts must first be made known, the situation clearly and exactly set forth. This statement of the case will be laid before the Los Angeles meeting, which should therefore be a representative and substantial meeting. It is a matter of serious concern to those put in charge of the conduct of the American Board that they should be able to make report and appeal at Los Angeles to an adequate representation of the supporting constituency. Will not all who, according to Western measures of distance, dwell within the region make their plans now to be on hand at Los Angeles? And will not those who, by Eastern measures, feel themselves "very far off" think it over again, and see if they cannot arrange somehow to attend this meeting? All are needed. Most sincerely do we look for a pivotal and history-making occasion.

One of Africa's Social Centers

JOHANNESBURG'S population is more widely representative of Africa's native peoples than that of any other city on the continent. The gold mines draw thither the stalwart young men of the kraals, from a thousand miles north and south and from all the territory between the eastern and western coasts. They come for the big wages which they hear about in their far-off homes and which lure them to the adventure. They do not stay long, often not more than six months; but long enough to learn whatever of good or evil is set before them in these warrens of the mine compounds. Evil has the easiest chance, human nature being as it is, and vice being so easily commercialized. Away from their homes and friends, earning real money as never before, craving some excitement in their idle hours, from two to six thousand of these husky males are crowded amid the fierce temptations of the barracks.

Evil seems to have the upper hand, but good has a fighting chance and is winning some victories. Mr. Phillips's

story of the Gamma Sigma Club, in the Foreign Department, affords a glimpse of one line of effort to meet the need. Dr. Bridgman writes of the latest undertaking of our missionary work at this center, the moving picture business, which is in charge of Mr. Phillips. A year ago a portable movie machine was purchased and a start was made at free open-air shows at selected compounds along the Rand. They were welcomed by wildly appreciative crowds of from 1,000 to 3,000 Africans. The mine management was converted to the idea; the Chamber of Mines, in addition to a subscription of £3,000 to the Social Center plant in general, has now contributed £1,500 for the installation of moving pictures in every compound along the sixty miles of the Reef; this gift for equipment only, running expenses also to be met by the mines, the selection of the films and the oversight being left in missionary hands.

Dr. Bridgman pleads for another missionary, preferably a trained American Negro to help in the social work. At this time of race prejudice, his blood would give him an immense advantage in work for his African brother.

A further need is pressed with the description of a fine location secured on the East Rand, where large mining developments are under way, a half-acre beautifully located at the very center of the coming gold industry for the next half-century, twenty-five miles from Johannesburg proper. A chapel has been built at one side of this lot; there is also room for a missionary residence: a superb field waiting to be occupied. But the opportunity must be seized or it will be lost. A correspondent of the *London Gazette*, who recently visited Johannesburg, wrote back to his paper: "The mission field is no old man's work today, no job for gray-beards tired of life. The upward path to heaven is made on a motor bicycle. The modern missionary has speed as well as healing in his wings."

Christian Ethics on the Mission Field

It is easy to observe striking inconsistencies between creed and conduct in this partially Christianized land. And if one goes beneath surface behaviors to the fundamental contradiction of a life that is professedly devoted to Christ while its heart is yet self-seeking, it may be that many of us in our better moods would shrink from a too searching inspection. But for more spectacular exhibitions of inconsistency, at least for Western eyes, we look to foreign mission fields, where Christianity has not yet outlawed practices that have long been driven into concealment hereabout.

A speaker at the Tokyo Sunday School Convention last year, emphasizing what such schools were doing in the Philippines to set forth standards of Christian living said: "Men used to think that they could carry their Lord in one hand and their vices in the other. They somehow believed that to be religious meant to go through certain forms and ceremonies. It was not uncommon to see gamblers going to church, carrying their fighting roosters under their arms. Then, after they had performed their devotions and had asked divine favor upon their chances during the day, they would piously come out of church, go down to the cockpit, and spend the rest of the Sabbath in gambling."

That anomaly has now disappeared from the practice of Protestant Christians in the Philippines. The same speaker gave an amusing incident of one such scene of which he was an eye witness. "I well remember, one Saturday night during an evangelistic service, an old gambler did come in carrying his rooster under his arm. While the preacher preached, the old man stroked and petted his rooster. But ere long, as he listened, conviction of sin struck his heart. When the invitation was given he went to the altar, and in humble penitence gave his heart to Christ. The next morning he came to Sunday school and

joined a Bible class, that he might learn more about the better way. What became of the rooster, you ask. He did a most appropriate thing; he sent him to the preacher for his Sunday dinner."

After the smile has passed, we may be moved to ask ourselves, "What about my own inconsistencies; the rigid attention I give to business and my frequent neglect of church obligations; what my right hand puts on the contribution plate and my left hand shells out to the golf club; the time I find for amusements and my constant inability to find time for devotions; the books and papers I feel that I must have in order to keep up with the progress of thought, and my contented ignorance as to the supreme concerns of the advancing Kingdom of God." To the eye that seeth the hearts of men there may be visible in many decorous church services worshipers as incongruous as the gambler holding tight his fighting cock.

A Memorial That Counts

THE Joint Committee on Union Colleges for the Women of the Orient, which has set out to raise $2,840,000 for the more adequate equipment of several institutions (five colleges and two medical schools) in India, China, and Japan, has received noteworthy aid and encouragement in its task. The Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial has promised to provide one-third of this amount or of any part thereof which the colleges may succeed in raising. The Joint Committee has already in hand $500,000 of its desired fund, one-third of which sum will therefore be immediately available from the Rockefeller Memorial.

The seven institutions included in this effort are the Woman's Christian College at Tokyo, Japan; Ginling College, Nanking, and Genching College of Peking University, China; Woman's Christian College of Madras, and Lucknow College for Women, India; also the Union Missionary Medical School for Women at Vellore, India, and the Woman's Medical School at Peking, China. Four of these schools, those at Tokyo, Nanking, Madras, and Vellore, were started during the war years—"our educational war babies," as the committee pushing their needs styles them. It will be a superb achievement if these young and eager aspirants for Christian educational service to the women of the Far East can be set upon their feet and enabled to meet their unmeasured opportunity.

A Plausible but Unsound Appeal

EVERY now and then is heard the call for a simpler and less organized foreign missionary method. We have been tending, it is said, to advance by establishing institutions, by building up substantial centers more largely staffed and with more diversified activities; we have developed union colleges and universities, and have sought to equip them, as to teachers and apparatus, according to the high standards of modern education in America; similarly, we have elaborated medical work in our hospitals and dispensaries to a degree undreamt of a generation ago; we have added industrial and agricultural lines of training and community undertakings of a social character, and have sought to minister to all departments of life, and by the employment of all the agencies that are operating in our own land.

The call is that we get back more nearly to the simpler plan with which foreign missions started. These schools and colleges are costly; union institutions, instead of saving money, tend so to enlargement of their scope and to specialization in their work that they require an increased staff and a much larger current expense. And missionaries tend to become absorbed in their institutions and satisfied merely to keep up their routines; mission stations, too, as they grow larger in men and buildings, settle

down to the tilling over and over of their already acquired field, and lose the impulse to press on and out. The evangelistic spirit is dulled; the emphasis rests on cultivating the church rather than outreaching for the multitudes. By the prevailing method the outlay in men and money increases, with no corresponding increase in the field covered or the results gained.

So runs the argument of those who call for a change of method. The appeal strikes a responsive chord in the heart of every missionary administrator. It is expensive to maintain these institutions; union schools and hospitals do cost more than those separately maintained, because inevitably more is adventured in them. And with so many lines of activity as are developed at large missionary centers, there is a specialization in work that ofttimes produces less bulk of result than can be reported by missionaries occupying a one-family station or spending their time in touring among the towns and villages of a district. Moreover, with the huge detail of care and problem involved in administering these diversified stations and institutions, the natural disposition of man to reduce labor inclines him to approve whatever seems simpler, more direct, and single-minded. We should like to feel that the primitive foreign missionary method was the best.

But sober observation and reflection do not substantiate this claim. A survey of the mission fields makes it clear that nothing is more important for the ongoing or the sustenance of the Christian movement therein than capable native leaders, a responsible church, and a substantial Christian community. The universal and irresistible tendency of the present years in all our fields to put more responsibility on the Christian church; the pressure to give equal task and authority to native leaders as to missionaries; the development of a patriotic spirit that is calling for the nationalizing of Christianity as it roots into these lands—all make it imperative that there should be able and adequate training of the future leaders in church and in the Christian society. Education must be upheld and pressed. Through its varied forms a self-sustaining, self-determining community as well as church is to be secured. It cannot be otherwise than that some central, more largely equipped, and diversified stations should be built up for this work of training a complex, independent Christian community.

As to the charge that the modern method dulls the evangelistic vision and purpose, it is happily the case that in all the American Board's mission fields there is at this very time an unprecedented evangelistic zeal; and that not on the part of the missionaries alone, but also of their fellow-Christians of the land. Fresh and more eager plans for systematic evangelism are being worked out in India, China, Japan; in practically every mission land. Never before were there manifest such comprehensive and effective evangelistic methods. The effort must be not to overturn missionary procedure as it is developing today, but to see to it that it is kept alive with the real missionary spirit.

A NEED AND A CALL

By Secretary JAMES L. BARTON, LL.D.

THE message of President Harding and the revival of discussion upon the League forces to a review of conditions in Europe and the Near East. One wonders, as he reads or hears sweeping repudiation of "The League," as to what the user of the words has in mind. This term, in the political campaign, meant the league as brought from Europe by President Wilson. If altered or amended in a single instance, it was no longer *the League*, but *a* league. In the present discussion of league, association of nations, or whatever terms we may use, it may not be amiss to turn our attention away from America and survey situations in Europe and the Near East.

We therefore call attention to some of the many conditions which cannot be ignored in any serious consideration of this subject. *Europe is physically exhausted.* The losses in man power borne by England, France, and Italy, not to mention the Central Powers, were appalling. Note the recent statistics of the falling off in the population of France as a single illustration. All this makes it difficult for France and England to maintain their military forces in Constantinople, Syria, Mesopotamia, and other areas over which they have accepted a considerable measure of responsibility. There is a restlessness among the men of their armies that cannot be ignored. The financial exhaustion is no less significant. The currencies of all Europe are at such a discount that foreign trade is almost prohibited, while taxation is paralyzing. In the face of these facts, for England, France, or Italy to take on additional responsibilities of any character seems impossible. However sincere the spirit or desire, physical ability is lacking.

The sense of political morality seems lost. In discussions in the Council of Premiers in London and in the Assembly in Paris, little emphasis is put upon the justice and the right of cases. Expediency seems to dominate everything, while each country aims at securing for itself, of advantage or acquisition, the most possible. I am speaking here not of the great mass of the justice-loving people in all these countries, but exclusively of the cabinets and the foreign and war offices. While individuals demand a higher standard of international dealing, the official attitude of all the countries is undisguised selfishness.

Idealism has suffered shipwreck as the nations drift apart into secret intrigue. It is safe to say that no country in Europe trusts any other country to be true to previous understandings or even to signed agreements. It is a matter of common knowledge that France was secretly negotiating with Mustapha Kemal Pasha with reference to Cilicia and the sphere of French influence in that area, while her Premier was in conference with her allies in London over the Sevres Treaty. It appeared at that time that Italy had been selling arms and munitions to Mustapha, which he was using against the French in Cilicia, the Greeks in Anatolia, and the Armenians in Armenia. It now transpires that Count Sforza, Italy's premier, was intriguing while in London, in March, with Bekir Sami Bey, the representative of Mustapha, against the Greeks, who are supposed to be fighting the battles of the Allies in Asia Minor. The Allies in Europe are drawing apart.

Turkey, under the control of Mustapha Kemal, who has repudiated the Sevres Treaty, is unrestrained. Mustapha knows that England, with all her losses and home troubles, will not and cannot bring pressure to bear to restrain the full exercise of Turkish unbridled ambitions. France and Italy take no interest in what happens in

Anatolia and Armenia beyond their spheres. Greece, ambitious and eager, is doing all in her power to avenge her suffering compatriots and make secure her hold on Smyrna and Thrace, and possibly establish her claim to Constantinople. Turkey has formed a partial alliance with the Bolsheviks of the Transcaucasus, in order to strengthen her arm against the divided Allies of the West. Turkey is following her old tactics to divide her enemies.

Armenia and the Armenians are left almost wholly unprotected. In the Russian Caucasus and the Armenian vilayets in the northeast of Turkey, they are absolutely at the mercy of the Bolsheviks, Turks, and Kurds. In Cilicia, where they number three-quarters of the population, they are now being turned back to the Turks, after over two years of protection by England and France. Throughout Asia Minor, where Mustapha holds plenary control, there is no restraining force to stay the hand of the Turk in his dealing with the Armenians and Greeks. The Armenians have no court of appeal and no possibility of redress against extortion and violence.

The ancient Nestorian race of Eastern Turkey, Western Persia, and Mesopotamia is rapidly disappearing, because there is no power to protect it. England has given much aid, but that is rapidly decreasing. The military protection is being withdrawn, and we are about to witness, unless something effective can soon be done, the annihilation of a brave people and an historic church. The people of England are keenly alert to the situation, but are unable to afford the help and the protection required.

This is one of the most tragic situations confronting the world today, and, so far as one can see, there is no power in Europe or in Asia to change it for the better. The movement is towards disruption and disorder, while the untoward inter-relations of the European and Asiatic nations prevent their acting together or any one of them acting alone to call a halt. In talking with representatives of these countries and governments, it was pathetic to witness their conviction that, if America only would, she could save the day. They believe, and that with much reason, that America, sitting in the Council of Nations, could restore the moral note and lift the standard of Christian idealism. They affirm that America could put a stop to secret intrigue and the selfish appropriation of the spoils of war.

It is recognized everywhere that in the councils of the nations America would stand free from territorial ambitions. Her disinterestedness would be universally recognized and her sense of justice among the nations accepted, and in due time followed. Never was a nation more needed in the Council of Nations than America is now needed, and never was a demand more united and persistent. Repeatedly I was told in London by men of wide international experience that, unless America is willing to use her great influence, and that speedily, in shaping European and Asiatic diplomacy, disaster threatens. Never has a nation's service to the world been so persistently demanded, and never have conditions been fuller of assurance of rewarding returns.

America is not asked to go to the aid of any European or Asiatic nation, but to the aid of a situation that threatens general disaster. The question is greater than that of a League or *the* League; it is a question of peace for Europe and Asia and peace for the world.

To most of us it would seem, so far as our own national interests are concerned, that it would be better to share in the councils of the nations when decisions are being made, than to decline to take part in the deliberations, but later to protest against the conclusions reached. The avoidance of dangerous complications lies in participation in international discussions and in their conclusions. Danger lies in holding aloof.

AN AFRICAN RECEPTION ROOM

By Mrs. MERLIN W. ENNIS, Sachikela

IN the first place, do not be misled into supposing that a reception room is necessary to a reception. The thing will pursue you into the kitchen or your innermost sanctuary, and escape there is none. But a reception room is preferable.

The second consideration is the African door bell, which the caller carries with him in the form of an irritation in the throat. The word irritation is used advisedly. Or, if he is a little more advanced, he stands before the door and claps his hands. If he has risen to the stage of knocking at the door, he does not rap once or twice, but, like Peter, he continues knocking. One thing may as well be understood—that if a person has set out to call upon you, he will do so. Book agents and their ilk still have something to learn from the casual African. If your appearance is delayed, the inference, stated audibly, is that you are sleeping. I have been lured out more than once to disprove indignantly the statement that I was asleep.

AN OLD CHIEF WITH HIS PIPE AND HIS GODS

Once invited to enter, there are no hasty handshakings and wordy greetings. The guest very leisurely seats himself upon a low stool, arranges his clothing, and then the host, with his hand upon his heart, says *Kalunga,* and the guest responds *Kalunga;* or, more respectfully, *Ku-Kalunga.* If he has come from a distance, or if you have not seen him recently, there must be a repetition of this greeting. Conversation may be opened then, but ordinarily by the caller; that is, he justifies his presence there by stating his errand. He may be very slow about this, and it is well to have your knitting.

If the missionary has been on a journey, even a brief one, he must hold a formal reception directly he returns. All the residents of the station must come; not to do so would be a sad breach of etiquette. They do not take seats, but each, bending on one knee, says *Kalunga,* and the missionary responds, using the same word. The order is inverted this time, for the host is temporarily a stranger because of his absence. These formal greetings have in them a stateliness and grace that is very charming; and it is with great regret that we see them passing away, their place being taken by the handshake and *bons dias* (good day) of the Portuguese. Mission manners stand firmly for the old native forms.

Those who come to the missionary's house are many, and their errands are varied. There is the old man who lost his rain-controlling fetish. He had lent it (as one might lend an umbrella, you see) to two of his boys who had come to the mission to sell potatoes, and they had lost it (again the umbrella!). In dire distress he

came to look for it, and when he told me about his sad loss, assuring me that this was no ordinary article, such as might be obtained from practitioners in the country, but had been obtained at great expense in the far interior, it occurred to me to look on the lawn by the storehouse door, where the boys had measured the potatoes. And there it was! A hard, perforated ball, something like a baby's rattle. His gratitude knew no bounds, and he never fails to pay his respects in passing. Once when his "natural door bell" had failed to elicit a response, he came on in and found his way to my bedroom!

MR. ENNIS PREACHING IN A HEATHEN VILLAGE

Then there is my "friend." To have a friend, in a formal sense, is a very serious matter. One cannot afford many. This friend of mine once brought me a pig, than which nothing more can be conceived in the way of friendliness. The pig, whether by previous arrangement or not, departed the second night and was seen no more. I suspected that he found his way back to his former haunts. If so, the giver was a famous humorist, for she never mentioned the fact, and for four years she has traded upon the favor she might have been expected to have won by the gift.

Though oft entreated, she never comes to church, naïvely assuring me that it is I she comes to see, and not because of any words. But when the soldiers come to her village, she tells her neighbors that the Ndona is her friend and they may flee to the mission, a political embarrassment to us; and she comes now and again, with an unerring instinct for one's busiest days, sometimes to spend the day and sometimes to stay over night; and always she expects some gift.

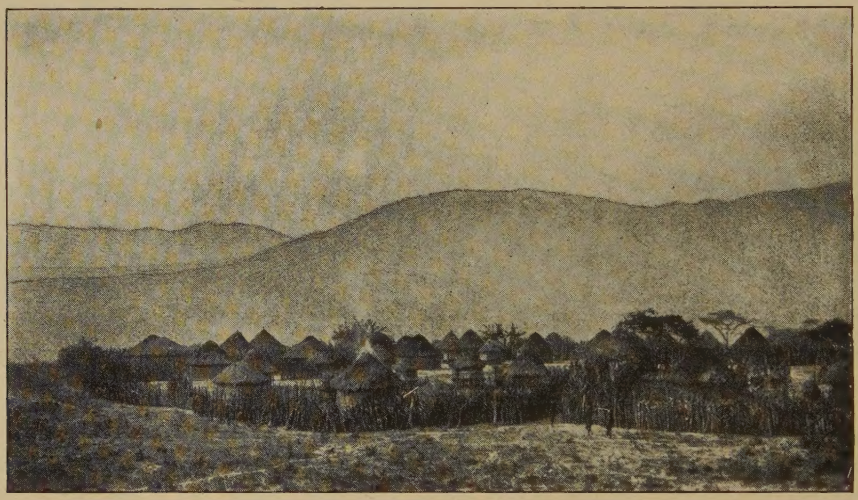
There is one class of callers for whom there is always a warm welcome—our old boys and girls, who are now settled in villages of their own and are feeling the burdens of responsibility. We can so seldom go to them, and so they come, bringing their problems—sometimes literally—and seeking for new impetus and inspiration from talking with their teachers; and begging for pictures and various school supplies, our very modest equipment seeming to them such luxury and plenty. Sometimes they bring their newly won disciples, to show them the wonders of the metropolis. It was one of these, a woman, whom I found standing in rapture before the picture of the Madonna. "Is it really she who bore him?" she said.

Frequently there comes to the missionary the occasion to smooth domestic friction. They come of an evening,

these two who have found matrimony an uphill road; and the wife sits with downcast face and figure closely wrapped in a long cloth. She listens while her husband tells the tale of her misdoing, never interrupting nor moving unless it be to rearrange the baby, who is snoring noisily on her back. And then we ask her to tell her story. Sometimes she adds an unconscious touch of irony, as one—a particularly stupid woman, we had thought—who said, "And my father" (an old heathen chief) "had said, 'I have given my daughter to one of these Christians; there will be no words of blows and upbraidings here.' "

Very frequently we are able to adjust these differences and bring a harmonious home out of wrangle. I recall a young man who came to call on a morning when there was extreme pressure of business, and his very leisurely manner seemed almost unendurable; but when he said in halting words that his heart was so full of gratefulness that he must needs speak, we were surprised into forgetfulness of waiting tasks, for they are not a people demonstrative in words. We recalled the trouble he had had with his wife, serious trouble, approaching the Scriptural limit. But by the help of the missionary and the church elders she had been won back to better ways. And now a little baby had come to them, and he said that when he thought of it, and of all that it meant to his people to have the Word of God come among them, he had said to himself, "In the morning I will go and tell them so."

This brings one, too, to the custom young fathers have of coming to the Ndona to announce the arrival at their house of a son or daughter—and there is an impartial welcome to the daughter. The Ndona is supposed to record the date of the arrival in her book, and to be the infallible authority for the ages of all the rising generation. A pretty custom prevails, also, whereby the women friends of the baby's mother call upon her and greet her with the formal greeting reserved for one who has returned from a long journey.



A VILLAGE WHICH ASKS FOR A PREACHER

As in expressions of congratulation, so in affliction, African etiquette is unfailing, and only those who have passed through the depths with only black friends near them know how delicate and how genuine is their attention. But there is a regret on their

part that, after all, their ways are not our ways, and they cannot find expression for all they feel. They are acquainted with grief and familiar with death. Sometimes the old women who call merely sit shaking their heads and saying, "*Ceya osimbu*" ("It came from long ago"); and we, buoyed up by hopes however strong, are grateful for human sympathy and comforted by the community of suffering.

Then there is the stately call of the old chief, whose name is Ichabod as far as his material pomp is concerned. He comes, sometimes with two or three of his old retainers, to ask for a school at his village. It is hard for us to say that there is no one to send. We are trying to get the native church to take responsibility for meeting these demands, and to enter as many open doors as possible. This is, as one old woman said, "the age of the book." There was the age of wax, the age of resin, and the age of rubber; but this is the age of the book. What that Book can do, if given full liberty, we know; so it should be ours to see that none of these calls for a school go unheeded.

Many other varieties of callers come to our door, from the dear old lady who brings an especially big sweet potato to the little girl of the house, to the would-be bridegroom who comes for pictures with which he may decorate the home he is making fair for his bride. Opportunity is writ large over all these calls; but too often there is not that heart at leisure to respond to the leisurely ways of the South, and the opportunity passes.

Perhaps that particular one never comes again. "This ought ye to have done"—and there are many things one may not leave undone!

Photograph from W. C. Bell

A WEST AFRICAN CARPENTER SHOP

FROM THE STEPS OF THE TAIKUHSIEN CHURCH

The last group of some 700 students from the government schools of the city, returning after listening to an address in the church. The local magistrate's horse waiting at the left. All government schools in Shansi wear a military uniform. In the background the Judson Smith Memorial Hospital

THE AMERICAN MINISTER VISITS SHANSI

By Rev. PHILIP D. DUTTON, Taikuhsien

SHANSI'S new motor road is now ready for use as far as Taikuhsien, and the first auto has made its appearance.

The road begins at Taiyuanfu, the provincial capital; passes through Yütze, our nearest railroad point; then comes to Taiku, where it connects our two compounds; and continues on down through the plain to the west and south. A branch road is also being constructed from Pingyao to Fenchow, and on through Fenchow to the Shensi border, on the Yellow River. Other important roads are planned for in the next two or three years, among these being a direct road from Taiyuanfu to Fenchow, down the other side of the plain. This system of roads, when completed, will make Shansi unique among the provinces of China, so far as highway transportation is concerned.

The road has been carefully surveyed, and has been built much like a railway roadbed. In some places the road is built up some twenty feet above the surrounding country, and in others there are deep cuts, so that at no point is there more than the slightest grade. The road is about twenty feet wide at the top, well crowned, and built with good drainage ditches at the side. It ought, therefore, to be passable when the ordinary dirt roads are utterly impassable. As yet it is only a dirt road, but we hope the governor will soon see the desirability of adding a good stone surface.

Chinese superstition has had to give way before this new road, for the road has not turned aside to avoid cemeteries and graves. In fact, all the way along it has cut directly through old graves. In many places the typical underground tombs have been cut through as if with a knife. One-half has been removed and the other half still remains in the side of the bank. At one place I saw a grave where the

A CLASS OF BIBLE STUDENTS IN TAIKUHSIEN

Six in class for the first time. Three women feared the camera and did not dare come out for their picture

coffin itself, as well as the brick tomb, had been cut through longitudinally.

The road has been built by General Chao, who is an adviser on military affairs to Governor Yen. General Chao is a native of Taiku, and is an outspoken Christian. Not an animal or machine was used in the construction work. The work was all done by soldiers, with baskets and wheelbarrows. While the soldiers in other provinces were busy fighting each other, Shansi's soldiers were busy building a highway.

We Americans feel that the road has been properly christened, for the first passenger over it was Dr. Charles R. Crane, United States Minister to China. During a recent visit to Shansi, he spent several days in Taiyuanfu as the guest of Governor Yen. When he came on to Taiku, the governor offered him his Ford car (which, by the way, is the only car in the province at present). The trip of fifty miles was made in about three hours, in spite of several stops along the way, where various officials and prominent men wished to see the car and to meet Dr. Crane. The local magistrate, in his desire to see that everything possible was done for Dr. Crane's comfort, set a large gang of men to work repairing the short stretch of road which connects the motor road with the Flower Garden; so that Dr. Crane was able to

THE FIRST AUTO TO ENTER TAIKUHSIEN

Governor Yen's Ford car, which brought Dr. Charles R. Crane and his party to Taiku, is standing in front of the gate to the Oberlin-Shansi Memorial Academy. Students and local police lined up on either side the road to welcome Minister Crane. On the left the chief of police, with sword

ride directly to our academy. The magistrate even sent out the chief of police and some twenty policemen, with flags and drums and horns, to welcome the distinguished foreigner.

During the three days he was in Taiku, Dr. Crane spoke twice to the students of the academy. He also addressed the students and *literati* of the city in the Confucian temple, at the invitation of the magistrate; and later attended a banquet given in his honor by the local magistrate. Some time was also spent in seeing the sights of Taiku, and in investigating famine conditions in this section. One evening was spent with the people at the South Compound, when we all had an opportunity to enjoy Dr. Crane and his Turkish stories.

Besides the American minister, the party included Dr. Crane's son; his private secretary, Mr. Donald Brodie, who also served as secretary to Pres. Henry Churchill King, in Paris and later in the Near East; Mr. Willis Peck, Chinese secretary of the Legation; Mr. Gailey, secretary of the Peking Y. M. C. A., who has now consented to act as foreign secretary of the Shansi Famine Relief Society; and Professor Hornbeck, of the Political Science Department at the University of Wisconsin, who has made a special study of the political situation in the Far East. Professor Hornbeck has already written one book on the Far East, and is now collecting material for another.

It is interesting to note that, when the car returned to Yütze to get those of Dr. Crane's party who had come down from Taiyuanfu by rail, it took two hours and three-quarters for the round trip—a trip which usually takes two days by Chinese cart. This gives some idea of the saving in time which the motor road will mean to the missionaries—approximately one hour instead of one day.

MISSIONARIES FIGHT PLAGUE

By Mrs. EMMONS E. WHITE, Tirumangalam

INDIA is never free from disease, but never before has bubonic plague come as far south as Madura and Tirumangalam. In October, one of our Bible-women who teaches Hindu women in their homes reported the fact to me that there was a case of fever very much like plague near one of the homes where she went.

We asked the municipal doctor, a high caste Hindu, to investigate. Accordingly he dressed himself up in his gold-bordered turban and, with one or two other Indian officials, went to the houses of the suspected cases, stood at a distance, and called in:—

"What disease have you?"

"Nothing but common fever," was the answer in every case.

The doctor reported "No plague" to us. We asked him to investigate again. Meanwhile the people were dying and a plague-bearing rat had died in the pastor's house on our compound. The government would not send the serum for inoculation until the doctor sent a report of plague.

Finally Mr. White went to the English doctor in Madura and got things stirred up a bit. Even then there was much red tape, so it was not until ten days after we knew of the plague that they began to inoculate people against it. During that time the disease had spread to Madura, where it may take years to stamp it out.

When news came that the doctor would inoculate, we called the school children to come to the bungalow. They suspected what was up. The boys came cheerfully enough, but the girls lifted up their voices and wailed! That rather undermined the morale of the boys, and it looked like bedlam

until Mr. White thought of the Victrola. Eighty-nine people marched to the doctor to one of Sousa's marches! But the people feared the inoculation more than the disease! Mr. White was inoculated first, to show that it was all right; and two days later I went at the head of a crowd of women to be inoculated in public, that the Hindus might gain confidence. Now, three months late, they have got around to compel inoculation. We hope that soon the terrible disease will cease.

Our boarding school was closed after five rats and squirrels had died in the school. Three rats died in our bungalow and one squirrel just outside. But we did not feel like leaving, as many urged us to do, because we thought we might be needed here in case any of the Christians caught the disease.

The plague will probably continue until the hot season begins, in March, when the powerful heat of the tropical sun will get in its antiseptic work.

"ART THOU HE...OR LOOK WE FOR ANOTHER"

The Spirit of the Armenians in Cilicia

THE Near East Relief worker wandered into the Protestant church, where a sermon was being preached in Turkish, for the Armenians of this region have been robbed even of their language in the centuries of oppression. There they were, the refugees, crowding the little room which served as a place of worship. Driven from Marash, Sis, Adana, or Tarsus; some who had early fled from Hadjin before that place was definitely abandoned to its fate. Word had just come that of all the Armenian defenders and non-combatants of Hadjin, just thirty children had been saved, and were in the keeping of some Turks in the mountains. The Turks said they had waited for months for America to intervene, in order that they might sell the city for a goodly price; but when no hope appeared, they wearied of waiting, and so put all to the sword.

The sermon was well begun. The Near East worker fortunately could understand. "'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?' You see, John was prepared for another disappointment. He had come with a great and glowing message of The Coming One. He had preached and labored, crowds had flocked to him; he had always been looking for the deliverer and pointing them on to this other one.

"At last he appeared; at least, John thought so. He believed that this Jesus of Galilee was the Messiah who should deliver his people from Roman tyranny and set up the rule of righteousness and peace for which the world had waited. All the prophets until John had spoken of this COMING ONE. John, the last of the prophets, was to see him, did see him, rejoiced in his increase, but—oh, terrible moments of doubt—was he, after all, the one? John was in prison because of the words of truth he had spoken, and from his prison he sends to see if Jesus is the Coming One.

"In this message we must note three things. John went straight to the source for light. He felt sure that if this was the Messiah and he should ask him directly, he would get his answer, unmistakable. Second, he was not afraid to doubt and question. It is the coward who is afraid to question his beliefs and faith. Third, he would hold to his faith in the Coming One, even if this was not he. God could not fail, even if the wonder-worker should prove to be but an impostor. Tyranny cannot triumph forever; evil will not

always dominate. It was the spirit of 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.'

"And the answer to this question of John came sure and in detail. Is your vision limited so that you doubt even him you just now believed? 'The blind see.'

"Are your feet bound in the stocks, so that you cannot take a step to investigate for yourself? 'The lame walk.'

"Are you despairing of life, knowing of the plottings of the adulteress whom you condemned? 'The dead are raised.'

"Is your soul consumed for the poor people to whom you were preaching, who are burdened and in despair? 'The poor have the Good News preached unto them.'

"Let us hold on to this faith of John. Though every hope that we have entertained should fail, we shall still 'look for another.' The skies are dark, but the sun has not been blotted out; it will shine again. And even if we never see its rays as individuals, yet it is there, and will ultimately banish the darkness. The Armenian people have been deceived by many false Coming Ones, but we still, in absolute certainty, 'look for another.'"

The Near East worker was silent as he went on his way. Here were deserted fields with crops unreaped, and there the threshing floors burned. Bridges were guarded by French Colonials, barbed wire, dugouts, trenches. But in the cities the Armenians persist in staying. For five centuries they have braved the treachery of the Turks, waiting for their day. The dark tragedies of the war were ended by the coming of the British. But they did not stay, and the Armenians "looked for another." Then the French came, and they put their trust in them; and now the French have announced that they are soon to leave. But the lesson of this Armenian teacher to his Armenian congregation in stricken Cilicia was one of hope and faith. "We will not despair; we will still look for another."

Photograph from Rev. T. A. Elme

AN ORPHANAGE DINNER IN TIFLIS

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR MARCH

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR APPROPRIATIONS

	From Churches	From Individuals	From S. S. and Y. P. S. C. E.	From Twentieth Century Fund and Legacies	From Matured Conditional Gifts	Income from General Permanent Fund	Totals
1920	$13,318.38	$9,123.13	$920.09	$8,085.45	$2,000.00	$1,910.25	$35,357.30
1921	20,029.77	5,798.00	1,158.29	5,531.04	2,000.00	3,136.00	37,651.10
Gain	$6,709.39		$238.20			$1,225.75	$2,293.80
Loss		$3,325.13		$2,554.41			

FOR SEVEN MONTHS TO MARCH 31

1920	$254,260.91	$57,580.33	$15,036.50	$159,791.94	$12,100.00	$17,389.88	$516,159.56
1921	268,572.10	41,037.11	15,134.90	136,912.61	8,200.00	18,588.07	488,444.79
Gain	$14,311.19		$98.40			$1,198.19	
Loss		$16,543.22		$22,879.33	$3,900.00		$27,714.77

HOW TO REMIT MONEY TO THE AMERICAN BOARD

Important Notice to Church Treasurers and Contributors

TO avoid confusion arising from the relations of the American Board to the Congregational World Movement and the Apportionment Plan, we ask careful attention to the following statement as to the method of remitting gifts.

In the case of Church offerings, the share of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, under the Apportionment Plan, may be sent direct to the treasurer's office, or to the district offices of the American Board, or to the Congregational World Movement, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for transmission to the Board.

Church offerings made separately for the American Board, whether considered under the Apportionment Plan or not, should be remitted direct to the treasurer of the Board, or to a district office of the Board.

Individuals desiring to contribute to the Board otherwise than through the Church offering, should remit direct to the treasurer of the Board.

In remitting to the American Board checks and money orders should be made payable to the order of Frederick A. Gaskins, Treasurer, or to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MONTH OF MARCH IN THE TREASURY

A GAIN of $6,709.39 from churches, a loss of $3,325.13 from individuals, a gain of $238.20 from young people, a loss of $2,554.41 from legacies, an even break in matured conditional gifts, a gain of $1,225.75 in income from funds. Such is the checkered story for March. The total gain for the month is $2,293.80. It might have been much better, and of course it might have been much worse. We confess we had expected something better, in view of the financial distress of the Board arising from the great increase in the cost of the work. But perhaps it is too soon to realize the large gains

expected from the new apportionment. We still hope on.

The above figures include such sums as churches sent direct to the treasury of the Congregational World Movement, for transmission to the Board. From September 1, 1920, to March 5, 1921, we have received from the Emergency Fund of the Congregational World Movement (less expenses) $120,862.51, of which $23,089 is for objects designated by the donors. The balance, $97,773.51, we have used for the general work of the Board.

SURELY the Church can hardly be considered a decadent and outworn institution when in the years since the war began it has given the larger part of $45,000,000 for Near East Relief, and when during the past few months it has raised $3,000,000 to feed the starving in China. The fact is that every movement for relief, for human uplift, for bettering conditions in society, for promoting brotherliness and sympathy and higher standards of living, has been initiated by the Church of Jesus Christ and has been carried through to success by those who got their inspiration at that fountain of moral enthusiasm.

—*From a Church Calendar.*

"FAIRMOUNT IN TURKEY"

Matching the faith of the American Board in the potential opportunities that lie just ahead of us in Turkey, Fairmount College gave evidence of her continued zeal for the missionary enterprise by pledging $1,000 to the "Fairmount in Turkey" Fund, on March 21.

The occasion was the annual "Fairmount in Turkey" Day, and much credit is due Pres. Walter H. Rollins, who directed the organization of the campaign by forming a Representative Committee from the student body, and with true missionary zeal created the student incentive that produced such gratifying results. The American Board was represented by Secretary English, of Chicago, who made the appeal to the students, setting forth the challenge that Turkey offers for this kind of student coöperation.

The college is fortunate in having Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Isely, recent appointees of the Board, as its official representatives. Mr. and Mrs. Isely are recent graduates of the college, where they were both popular, and have been attending the language school in Constantinople the past few months. As soon as conditions permit they will take up educational work in the Central Turkey Mission.

The enthusiasm with which the students of Fairmount met the challenge of supporting one of their own number on the foreign field was indeed most gratifying, and the actual pledging of a sum in excess of $1,000 in about ten minutes, in which every student participated, is indicative of the way they do things in these hustling mid-Western colleges of our Congregational fellowship. The fact is, that many of our smaller colleges support our denominational work in a manner far out of proportion to their size and resources, especially in number of graduates for Christian service, Fairmount being an excellent example.

MISSIONARY RESULTS IN AFRICA

BY HERBERT W. GATES

(*C. E. Topic for May 29*)

Scripture reading: Acts 8: 26–40.

A Campaign for the Conquest of a Continent. The story of missionary endeavor in Africa ranks among the most fascinating and thrilling tales of human achievement. It is the story of a contest with two great enemies: (1) Paganism in the raw, superstition, ignorance, and cruelty, against which redeemed lives stand out in shining relief; (2) Mohammedanism, strongly entrenched, and with a missionary zeal worthy of a better cause.

Startling Transformations. The missionaries found the African people, generally speaking, without written language, literature, or civi-

lization. The native, as Jean Mackenzie says, was dominated by three great racial ideas: "the lust of gain, the lust of women, and the yoke of fetish." Picture the headman of an African kraal, a cruel master, rich in goats, in brass, in all that has value in those parts, but particularly rich in women—women who were sold like cattle. "A girl," says the Bulu proverb, at her birth, "is goods." She is often the subject of bargain before her birth. Not for her the tenderness of courtship and betrothal, but slavery. She may be sold to some old man who already has a score or more of wives, and, even before this bargain is completed, be hired out by her father, body and soul, to any one whom he may choose. And after she is bought by her husband, he may and often does do the same. It is almost impossible for us to imagine the depths of misery and shame and the fear born of haunting superstition to which these poor folk are subjected.

The New Way. Against such a background picture Uganda today, with the majority of its people definitely Christian; clean, intelligent, honest, holding to their new-found liberty with a loyalty and earnestness that may well put some of us to shame. Here is Kamba, a kraal boy in Portuguese East Africa, converted by Mr. Bunker, educated in the American Board school at Mt. Silinda, coming to Hampton Institute in America, learning wagon making, then taking the entire industrial course, then the normal course, and now in Columbia Teachers' College, preparing to go back and help Christianize his people. He has recently prepared a book on native African songs, which is published by a leading musical firm.

Read Jean Mackenzie's "An African Trail," in which she pictures so vividly and with such rare skill the headman of a village, once rich in women to work for him, now poor because he has given them up for the new way, beating the drum to call his people to worship. Or the Christian wife, meekly taking the cruel beatings of her pagan husband because she will not give up the Word to which her heart has been drawn.

The Chikore Tree. Read Dr. Patton's account of an Easter Sunday, as he tells it in "The Lure of Africa." The Chikore tree was one upon which the natives used to hang the strips of flesh cut from the bodies of their conquered foes, and eagerly devoured by the victorious warriors. With the picture of such scenes in his mind, Dr. Patton approached this place, to be met by a band of well-dressed young people, headed by their African teacher. They separated into two lines, between which the visitors rode to the music of "From Greenland's icy mountains." But certain chiefs were there to complain. They did not wish to leave their old, evil ways. They wanted the missionaries taken away. A palaver was arranged. Then came a great band of men and women, singing gospel hymns, the men clothed in white and the women in colors. And these had their say. They spoke of peace in place of war, of health in place of sickness, of confidence in place of fear, and of many other blessings which Christ had brought to them. And when they had done and the visitors turned to the objecting chiefs for their reply, they had slunk off into the forest. It was a vivid picture of light overcoming darkness and truth putting error to flight. Such scenes are being multiplied all through Africa today.

Inspiring Stories. Besides the two books already mentioned there are many others more interesting than any novel. Read Jean Mackenzie's *Black Sheep*, Donald Fraser's *Winning a Primitive People*, Dan Crawford's *Thinking Black*, and such biographies as those of *Mary Slessor of Calabar*, *The Moffats*, *Mackay of Uganda*, *A Life for Africa* (the biography of A. C. Good), *Stewart of Lovedale*, and scores besides.

This topic is rich in contrasts and human interest. See the suggestions and references given in the leaflet, *Mission Study and Service for Young People* (Missionary Education Department, 14 Beacon Street, Boston).

ILLUSTRATED LECTURES ON AFRICA

We are glad to call the attention of churches and clubs to the unusually fine series of lectures on Africa being offered by Rev. Fred R. Bunker, of Wilton, Conn., formerly a missionary of the American Board in South Africa. Mr. Bunker for years has been collecting photographs and slides covering every aspect of African life and scenery in the sub-continent. He probably has the finest set of slides on Africa to be found in this country. While several of his lectures are expressly missionary in purpose, many of them are more in the nature of travelogues; and all of them, we think, would interest the general audience. They cover such topics as "Africa the Sunshine Continent," "From Cape to Cairo," "Livingstone's Africa," "My Zulu Friends," "The Great Falls, Victoria and Niagara."

Any remuneration which Mr. Bunker might receive from these lectures (and churches should see to it that he does not go without remuneration) he is expecting to apply upon the education of his children, in the hope of returning to Africa. We are confident that our churches, especially those in Connecticut, will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity.

A NEW WAY TO "PUT IT ACROSS"

Rev. Royal J. Montgomery, director of religious education for the Congregational Conference of Iowa, reports interesting methods tried out successfully by the young people of the First Church in Grinnell. During Lent the Christian Endeavor Society is having a "Short Course in the Study of Congregational World Missions and Educational Work." Two successive meetings were devoted to the work of the American Board, but it was presented in no stereotyped fashion.

At the first meeting, after the devotional service, a group of the young people presented a "Half Day in the Boston Office of the American Board." Young men impersonated Dr. Barton, Dr. Patton, and Candidate Secretary Alden Clark. Even a stenographer and an office boy were there! Six missionaries on leave were also represented: Miss Frances Bement, from China; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Compton and James Lyman, from Turkey; Paul MacEachron and Miss Alice Reed, from the Tehsien station, China, which is the field of the Grinnell church. There were also two new recruits representing a missionary to Japan and an agricultural missionary to Turkey. We have not been told just how the young people spent that "half day," but we are sure that they did not encounter any more varied or difficult problems than our secretaries and missionaries are facing in these times.

The following week the young people had a debate: "*Resolved*, That the American Board would render a more significant service to civilization by stressing its work in China rather than in India." The affirmative was taken by the High School Department and the negative by the College Department. The affirmative won!

> "The Christian idea of the Kingdom is that Christ should rule absolutely over all life. In fact Christianity only really works as a complete rule of life. Christ must be Lord of all if He is to be truly Lord at all. If we are to witness a world Kingdom of God, the whole Church must take the whole message of the Kingdom to the whole world. Christianity has the power to do that, for it rests on the power of Almighty God, revealed perfectly in a living Christ. The Church has that power in the hour when it gives complete obedience to His will."
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> *From "The Riddle of Nearer Asia," by Basil Mathews.*

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

TURKEY

After the French Took Aintab

After the French took possession of Aintab, early last February, the Near East Relief Society and our Board were most eager to know of conditions in the city after its long siege. We were able to print last month a brief message brought out by Dr. Lorrin Shepard, who went to Aleppo with a convoy of French wounded, the day after the city surrendered. We now give extracts from a letter written by Mr. J. L. Park, the N. E. R. director at Aintab. He says:—

"You seemed to expect a landslide of relief work to descend upon us when Aintab should fall. It is quite the opposite, so far. The French are feeding the Turks; the road to Aleppo gives promise of opening up for general traffic soon, thus giving the Christian population a chance to become self-supporting, periodic influxes of several thousand soldiers at a time making trading brisk, such as it is.

The Despoiled Turkish Quarter

"By special permission the Americans were allowed to visit the Turkish quarter on February 12. We found the great majority of buildings partially destroyed, and about one-quarter of the whole number uninhabitable. We found the market entirely empty, except for an occasional shop with a pitiful little pile of red peppers or grassy looking tobacco. Here and there were men picking round amongst the ruins of their former homes, with the idea of making some sort of shelter; others were filling in trenches that encroached upon their private property. The Turkish quarter is cobwebbed with trenches. Apparently, in the market, no one had dared to cross the street above ground.

"We saw French lorries in the central market, from which food was being distributed to a large, hungry crowd. For a month previous to the Armistice, they said they had had no flour at all, and only a meager allowance of pistachios and raisins. The people had lived month after month in continuous hiding. It is said that certain choice bomb-proof hiding places were rented.

"It will be months before the Turks have reconstructed their city, even with help; but once they have a chance to trade and develop their industries, they should recover. They are really subdued and chastened. They are anxious to follow peaceful pursuits and live again. As one of them said to me, 'It is as though we had been dead and in hell for ten months, and have come to life again.' He said it with terrible earnestness.

The Industrial Outlook

"When I came, in January, four looms were being set up and some 200 women were knitting socks, which were being sold to the French at a profit. These were made from yarn that had come from Aleppo. Three weeks ago this became exhausted, and the French were demanding more socks. A good market and no material! We set about finding wool. We bought 600 pounds from a sheep contractor, of washed raw wool. We are having it cleansed, combed, and spun, and hope soon to be able to satisfy the French."

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The Pilgrim Tercentenary in Tarsus

"Every little while" the Tarsus station sends out a printed sheet of *Tarsus News*, prepared by Mr. Nilson or Mr. Bobb, and printed on the St. Paul's College press—which, by the way, is

in sad need of a new type outfit. The December 20 story follows:—

"Last Sunday we had a unique celebration in our college chapel. Five hundred men, women, and children assembled there in commemoration of the Pilgrim Tercentenary. The pastor of the Armenian Protestant church, the Gregorian priest, and the Arab missionary were each there with their respective flocks. These, together with a few Greeks and Turks and our college boys, formed the interesting congregation.

"Addresses were given in three languages and songs were sung in two. Mr. Nilson presided at the meeting and made a short talk in Turkish. The Armenian Protestant pastor and the Gregorian priest also used Turkish, while the Arab pastor spoke in Arabic. The head of our Trades Department addressed the attentive audience in Armenian. The college boys led in the singing of two songs in English and one in Armenian.

"For two hours the people listened intently to the story of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower and of their ideals, and of what they have done for America; to the praise and thanks for the work of the American 'Pilgrims' in Turkey; and to the opportunities and the need of 'carrying on' the Pilgrim movement in Turkey today. A liberal offering for Bibles printed in modern Armenian was given by the people as they passed out the door at the close of the service."

Statistics

A previous issue of the *Tarsus News* gives some encouraging figures:—

"College enrollment, 190; departments: college, academy, and trades; races: 168 Armenians, 4 Greeks, 2 Turks, 14 Arabs, 2 Syrians; religions: Orthodox Church, 3; Gregorian, 110; Protestant, 58; Roman Catholic, 2; Moslem, 16; others, 1. Rev. Paul E. Nilson, missionary in charge."

The Y. M. C. A. carries on a City Night School, with an enrollment of 31 Arabs and Turks. They meet in the Turkish high school building.

In the Trade School about 120 boys work from one to four hours daily, learning a trade and helping to pay their own way. The school has a bakery, which has begun to send bread to market. It includes weavers, six looms; tailors and shoemakers, whose products clothe the mission orphans and are also sent to market; carpenters and tinners, whose work helps in repairing the buildings and is made possible by a special gift of money for repairs; printers and bookbinders are busy, and the gardeners are preparing two large vegetable gardens and are planting 100 trees on the campus.

Use Your Imagination

Here is a list of a few of the most urgent needs. Imagine running an active trade school, dormitories, and a college with the following items lacking!

One hundred school desks; boys' books; enameled dishes for 150 boys; 100 steel lockers for the dormitory; for repairs, money and barrels of paint; first-aid kits and simple medicines; in the trades, a small sawmill outfit, with gasoline engine and iron lathe; complete set of science apparatus; a Ford with truck body and a tractor.

Mr. Nilson cheerfully wishes friends of Tarsus a happy new year after this list, and says, "That's all now."

*

Evangelical Progress

Dr. James P. McNaughton, of Constantinople, has sent us the following report:—

The Church in Constantinople

"In January, two beautiful and dignified churches were dedicated to the service of God in the Near East. The first is in Constantinople, and its romantic history for the last forty years ought to be inscribed in the records of

the work of the American Board in Turkey. The other is in Ismid, the ancient Nicomedia, a thriving town of 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the Gulf of Nicomedia, sixty miles southeast of Constantinople, and on the line formerly known as the 'Berlin to Bagdad Railway.'

"The former was dedicated in part (as the main audience hall has not yet been completed) on January 16. The dedication service was held in the lecture room, which has been finished, and is capable of seating 400. The church was organized in 1850, and a very desirable site was secured in 1880; but the imperial *irade* granting permission to build was not obtained till 1911. For forty long years the devoted members of this congregation held together and worshiped where they could, for many years in the audience room of the Gedik Pasha school.

After Forty Years

"The dedicatory services were simple, but impressive. The hall was crowded. Not only were the different Protestant Armenian churches in the city well represented, but large numbers of non-Protestants were also present, both to satisfy their curiosity and to show their interest in the erection of another evangelical church. The pastor of the church, Rev. H. A. Djedjezian, took charge of the service; but other pastors and the Armenian-speaking missionaries participated in a service that continued for two hours and a half. An interesting feature was the baptism of twelve children. The collection amounted to about $140. The whole service was elevating in its spirit, and no one present will soon forget the impression made.

The Church in Ismid

"The dedication of the Armenian Protestant Church of Nicomedia took place on January 30. The self-denying enthusiasm of this congregation deserves every praise. During the dark days of 1915, they were nearly all deported. Practically all returned, yet they suffered the loss of most of their possessions, some becoming destitute. The presence of the British Army in Ismid gave employment to some; others again took up their different business pursuits, and met with a good degree of success.

"A church building had been in course of erection before the war. The walls and roof were practically complete when the awful tragedy of deportation scattered the congregation. On their return from exile, the first public enterprise undertaken was the completion of the basement, to be used for school and church purposes. The mission assisted to the extent of one-third of the amount expended. The people then decided to postpone further work until they should be able financially to undertake the completion of the building, after a period of perhaps five or six years.

Encouraged to Build

"I mentioned the presence of the British Army in Ismid. The forces were on the ground to oppose the Nationalists in their march to Constantinople. As the power of Mustapha Kemal increased, all foreign troops withdrew to the seaboard, where they could keep in touch with their fleets. Adabazar, where were located the strongest of our evangelical churches in this region and the Armenian girls' boarding school, conducted by Miss Kinney, was left unguarded. All members of the congregation who could migrated, leaving their fine church behind them. Miss Kinney and her school, composed largely of orphans, were compelled to flee, as it became impossible to forward supplies to Adabazar, and they were in daily danger from the Nationalists.

"On arriving at Ismid, the orphans were received into the Near East Relief orphanage, under the direction of Miss Holt; and Miss Kinney opened a day school, taking over the education of the orphans, uniting with the Prot-

estant school, and admitting day pupils from the city. The great difficulty was to find room to accommodate so many. The Protestant congregation at once put their schoolrooms at Miss Kinney's disposal, and enthusiastically began raising money to complete the church, the main audience room to be used for church purposes and the assembly hall for the school. The result was a surprise to all. The congregation raised about $1,200 and the mission contributed $400, of which $200 is a loan to be returned in three years, without interest. The work so aroused the people that the church was soon ready to be opened, and on January 30 it was dedicated. Drs. Peet, MacCallum, and McNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. Flint, Pastor H. A. Djedjezian, of the Vlanga Church in Constantinople, and Prof. Z. Bezjian, the head of the Protestant Community for all Turkey, were invited to participate in the dedicatory services.

The Dedication Services

"On Sunday, the congregation assembled in the basement of the church. As the hour for opening approached, a procession was formed, led by the acting pastor, Mr. Sarkis Kuzulian, the deacons of the church, and guests from Constantinople. On reaching the door, a gilded key was presented to Dr. Peet, as representative of the American Board, by the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the church. He then opened the door, repeating Psalm 118: 19, 20, 'Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord; this gate of the Lord into which the righteous shall enter.'

"At the dedicatory service, seated on the platform beside the acting pastor and guests, was the Armenian archbishop of Nicomedia. Prof. Z. Bezjian presented a congratulatory address to the people; and the archbishop closed his long address by referring in most appreciative terms to the generous and broad-minded Republic of the West, which, in his nation's appalling disaster, extended heart and hand to rescue, from an implacable foe, the remnant of the oldest Christian race in the world.

"The splendid spirit manifested by the congregation was again evidenced in the morning collection, which amounted to about $240.

"The afternoon service was composed of two parts, representing the only two sacraments held valid by Protestant Christians—Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Rev. H. A. Djedjezian and Mr. McNaughton participated in these services.

"Over forty children, ranging in ages from a few months to eleven or twelve years, were baptized. This was followed by the reception of church members and the solemn observance of the Lord's Supper."

INDIA

A HINDU TEMPLE IN BOMBAY

The Marathi Mission's Birthday

Since the centennial celebration of the Marathi Mission, in 1913, the custom has arisen, following a suggestion of the late N. V. Tilak, of observing February 12 as the mission's birthday. In a letter from Rev. Henry Fairbank, of Ahmednagar, comes a description of this year's observances, which included, as usual, the exchange of flowers—sweet-scented jasmines—

in the name of Christ, the feeding of the poor, etc.

"At nine o'clock," Mr. Fairbank says, "we had a united service for all our Christian people, in the new

LECTURE HALL OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT AHMEDNAGAR

church, with singing of hymns by the school children, and addresses, one of which was, 'A Comparison of Past and Present.' Fifty years ago there were no schools in our mission teaching anything but Marathi. Most of the education was confined to three or four grades, and there was a school for training teachers in Ahmednagar, carried on by the Christian Literature Society of England. There had been a class for training pastors, but the work was done as there seemed to be need; and the best of our teachers were chosen, given instruction, and then ordained over churches as needed.

"Today there is a big school in Ahmednagar for preparing boys for college, and another in Bombay teaching up to the same grade. The small girls' school of fifty years ago is now a finely appointed high school, also teaching up to matriculation for college. In those days the mission had grave doubts as to the wisdom of bringing out unmarried ladies for the work of the mission. Now they form the large proportion of our workers. The girls' school alone desires to keep four or five fully trained ladies in the work of the school.

Through the Doorway of English

"The theological seminary, or at least the managing board of that school, has passed a resolution affirming our desire to admit no one into the school who has had less than seven standards of English. We have found this to be the only way of getting worthy pastors for the churches, men who can read English and keep abreast of the times. The Bible training school for women expects women to have a knowledge of English; and the kindergarten training school also wants those to come to it who know English. Every station teaches English, more or less, for we have few books in Marathi for the Christians.

"But the greatest change, and the change which the speaker emphasized strongly, is that English has opened the way for our young men and women also to enter lucrative posts outside the mission and in government. . . . Poona and Bombay are full of our young men who are clerks and teachers and doctors, etc. Their fathers and mothers and grandparents were illiterate people among the untouchable castes of this part of the

DORMITORY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, AHMEDNAGAR

country. But the bounty of America, through the grace of Christ, has changed all this condition of depression and untouchability, and made them able to take their places with the 'twice-born,' as they call themselves, the Brahmans, and other high caste people."

ON TOUR, BREAKING CAMP; NOTE THE TABLE, BATH TUB, ETC.

Out in the Tents

"Here is a sample of the life your missionary leads during the winter touring season," writes Rev. Edward W. Felt, of Sirur, in the Marathi Mission, in a letter to a group of friends and supporters at home.

"The place of which I write is Padoli, a little village of mud houses nestled down in a delightful valley among the hills. The roads round about are abominable, rough and hilly, and covered with stones small and large. One can only walk, and that painfully, save in the low ground, where the road winds on either side of the dry bed of a stream. Our camp is under a lovely shady tree on the bank of this same stream, with a field at our back and a tremendous hill to one side, on the other side of which is the village.

"We have two tents, in one of which I live; and in the other the food is cooked by a young man whom I have brought along with me. My tent is roughly furnished with an old army cot, rickety table, oil box for washstand, and a telescope bag much the worse for wear, which serves as a wardrobe. Outside is a galvanized iron tub, which is hauled in with warm water every noon for my bath, and afterwards rests outside, giving mute evidence to the 'cleanly' habits of its owner.

"The owner of this field is living, bag and baggage, at our back, sleeping at night on the bare ground, and guarding the bundles of grain which is being harvested. He is most hospitable, and often comes and talks with us. The servant's name is Laxman. He cooks the meals on two stones, which he has put out of the wind, right down in the bed of the stream. There is beautiful moonlight and the nights are wonderful.

A Well-Ventilated School

"Our program is of the simplest. In the morning we go off on foot to a village about two miles away, over the roughest road, to inspect the little school. The teacher has his children out in the sunshine, as the wind is cold and raw. Most of the little tikes have nothing on but a shirt, and shiver as they say their tables or read. The school here is a good one, but unfortunately many of the children are living out in the fields a mile or more away, guarding the threshing floors with their fathers and mothers. We have no building here of any permanent sort, either as a house for the

teacher or a school. The school meets in a meeting house, with just enough grass for roof to keep out the worst of the sun. The teacher lives in a grass-roofed hut, which has little conveniences. We hope soon to purchase for a school an old house, which lies in a strategic place near the gate.

"After dinner, at night, I go up over the hill at our side, to the little stone schoolhouse, which is the tangible evidence of the gospel in Padoli. Sadoba, the preacher, lives in a room next to the school. I wish you could see the night school. Sadoba has about twelve boys and young men, who come from 7 to 10 o'clock and laboriously study their letters. It was pathetic, but most encouraging, to see several big, husky fellows painfully reading their primers, following the words with their rough fingers. At the close of a short service I offered one rupee and a Bible to the ones who could read understandingly a gospel story after a few weeks.

"The next night we had a lantern talk on the life of Christ, in the village. We took a sheet and fastened it to the posts of the village meeting hall. You should have seen the crowd which assembled, and the ohs and ahs as the beautiful story in picture was revealed to them."

*

AFRICA

Gamma Sigma Club in Johannesburg

In a letter from Rev. Ray E. Phillips, supervisor of our social service work in Johannesburg, comes this description of one of the activities which may do a little toward counteracting disturbing conditions in Africa just now:—

"Picture a small room in a native slum district. Within are packed together thirty or forty of the leading native men of Johannesburg. Here are radical editors of a rabid anti-white newspaper, several bright native lawyers, mine clerks, teachers, etc. They are listening quietly to a prominent European, who is speaking on some subject of interest, *i. e.*, Native Land Question, Native Boy Criminals, Education, Men's Clubs in England, Government, Character, etc.

"When the lecture is finished, discussion follows; amid the rapid give and take the heat sometimes reaching the boiling point. Every one is eager to speak, and the evening flies. At the close, the European speaker summarizes the result of the discussion, and in such a sympathetic way as to win the friendship of his audience.

Plain Speaking

"Equally needed in this land of ours, along with legislation, is more of the spirit of friendship—the spirit which makes possible understanding the other man's viewpoint with tolerance and genuine sympathy. Specimen statements by native members of the club may interest you:—

> 'When the white man came to South Africa he had the Bible and we had the land. Today they have the land and we have the Bible.'
>
> 'There is no such thing as a Christian in South Africa.'
>
> 'There can never be any coöperation between whites and blacks in South Africa. All white men are our enemies.'
>
> 'It is the aim of the British Government to enslave the whole world. Innocent black people are not the first to suffer.'

"Christianity is denounced by many as a white man's religion, which has gone hand in hand with big commercial interests in binding the natives hand and soul for the benefit of the whites.

"The other evening one of the brightest and keenest of the men talked in a way altogether unusual to him. Usually courteous and fair to opponents, then he seemed as though iron had entered his soul. He was bitter, and what he said made one

shiver. Inquiry revealed the fact that just before the meeting he had witnessed a brutal white man knock his wife off the steps of a tram car as she was entering, causing her to fall full length into the muddy street.

Sowing Seeds of Wrath

"I admire these young fellows. They endure every day with patience what would cause you and me to rise in awful revolt. Don't be surprised to read some day that in far-off Johannesburg a few thousand white people have been wiped out. Injustice and unfriendliness will bear their fruit.

"The Gamma Sigma Club, however, with its weekly friendly meetings between Europeans and natives, where matters of all kinds, religious, social, political, are thrashed out—this club is making its small contribution to a better mutual understanding on the part of white and black."

A NEW PATHFINDER (BOY SCOUT) BEING INITIATED

The Pathfinders are a feature of the Social Service work under the care of Mr. Ray E. Phillips in Johannesburg. This new member has been blindfolded, and is being tossed by the hands of the initiation committee. Just boys!

THE PHILIPPINES

"Our Need Is Men"

Writing to a personal friend in America from Baliangao, Rev. Frank J. Woodward, of our Philippine Mission, describes the events following his arrival in Baliangao last autumn, the overwhelming opportunities for work, the willingness of the people to coöperate if they can have leaders; and then Mr. Woodward goes on:—

"Our need is men. Thousands of young men are graduating from our high schools and are preparing for the other professions. We simply must have well-trained men. And to this end we must assist our students throughout their A.B. and theological courses, in much the same way theological students are supported in America. Half-trained men will not do. A half-trained man cannot hold this town and the members already won, while he builds up the weak ones in the faith. We must have a leader.

"I have before me a letter rejoicing in the men we are now supporting in Silliman Institute and in the several high schools, but deploring the fact of the lack of men training for the ministry. Cannot the friends in America be told something of the complex life of the average student here, and of the constant need of help for each until his course is completed? It seems as though many at home would be glad to invest in the lives of these splendid young men, helping them through high school, college, and theological courses. What finer stimulus to the spiritual life of a Christian man or woman than to have a student preparing to preach the unsearchable riches of God in Christ to pray for daily, while at the same time supporting him! We can get the men if we can get the friends to support them. The tremendous need of the present moment here in Baliangao almost overpowers me. By the very nature of things, many of these souls will be lost because there is no shepherd.

Some Regions Untouched

"Great as this need is, it does not overshadow a score of others. Over yonder, seventy miles away, on Camiguin Island, are 55,000 souls, and not a single leader available for them. Surigao Peninsula is without an evan-

gelist, and it has a population of 100,000. Butuan, Hingoog, Balingasag, Tagoloan, Iligan, Kolambugan, Tungob, Aloran, Plaridel—not to speak of tribes untouched as yet, like the Mandayans, Manobos, Subanons, Moros, and Bukidnons.

"Every year finds the evils from the outside more securely imbedded in these primitive races. This is the day of advance on Mindanao. Government lands are quickly taken up by the enterprising young Filipinos, and the primitive peoples must be saved now or perish, like the Indians of the United States, before the onrushing civilization. This is actually true of the Subanons, who are going deeper and ever deeper into the wilds to escape the homesteading immigrants from the north."

CHINA

Team Work as Evangelists

We are quite accustomed to the drive method of spreading propaganda and collecting money. Some of us have attended and even had parts in the team work led by pastors and Board secretaries in their tours of groups of churches and ministerial associations, in the interests of denominational affairs. Miss Margaret A. Smith, of Tunghsien, has sent us a story of her experiences on evangelistic tour in the district of Ching Chao:—

"Though I had but five minutes to speak and heaps to say, I stood speechless for a moment on that improvised stage. The light of four big lanterns revealed tier on tier of faces—little boys, big boys, men seated and men standing; on one side a group of women and girls, the tent door quite hidden from view by the crowd pressing in. I just seemed surrounded by eager listeners, as I told the story of the lost sheep and the seeking shepherd; how, as the kind shepherd's hands and feet were torn and pierced in the search, so, for them, were pierced the hands and feet of Jesus; and that Jesus, by us, came seeking them with a kind shepherd's love.

"It was our first night at Liu Li Ho, and one after another of the band spoke five minutes, telling a story or giving a bit of testimony. After every two or three speakers, we sang a verse or so of a hymn. The tent kept filling, till the folks were packed in like sardines. I think Pastor Wang put the most into five minutes. Holding up the picture of a microscope, he explained how, by its use, disease germs were discovered in a tiny drop of blood. 'The Bible is the microscope we bring you, to show you the sins you cannot see for yourselves.'

"The time keeper, Preacher T'ien, in a bright closing speech, summed up all we had said. 'You have heard a great many people speak on a great many subjects, but the gist of it all is, we have come to tell you how to find salvation from your sins, and our desire is that you may all be good citizens of China.'

The Place and the Preachers

"And so began the tent meetings, by which we hope to reach hundreds who would not be touched by our ordinary methods of country work. The tent is a splendid one, holding 200 easily, but 400 if need be. On the evening of September 15, the preaching band gathered in one of the little rooms of the branch church at Liu Li Ho. Several of us had never met before. We were all excited, of course; and I, for one, was a bit scared at the thought of the wonderful possibilities of this tent work and my responsibility to make it a success.

"I soon found out that I was with a band of preachers who were more interested in women's work than I, if that were possible. Not only did they jump to carry out my suggestions, but they had many helpful ones to offer. I felt, in their planning and in their preaching, a suppressed impatience,

as if they could not wait; but could they, at one blow, burst all the shackles of custom and ignorance, tear down the walls that held in their women from intercourse with the world, unbind those weak, tortured feet, enlighten those stupid, empty minds!

"This is our day's schedule:—

8.15-8.30 Morning prayers—the preaching band
8.30-9.30 Breakfast
9.30-12.00 Children's time and general preaching
Noon rest
2.00-4.00 Preaching or lecture
5.00 Supper
7.00-9.00 Preaching and lecture with lantern slides

For the Children

"The children's time was divided into three parts. First, Chinese characters; then, Bible stories; last, the quick phonetic script. There were many difficulties, of course. We, even the Chinese teachers, were strangers; sometimes the children were few or came late; then they were nearly all dirty, ragged, and wild, with no idea of obedience.

"They had to be taught, by a little chant, the value of the clean faces; and, again, had to be instructed, 'line upon line,' that none but the babies—of which each girl pupil had at least one (in spite of hints that they be left home)—were allowed to eat red fruit, corn on the cob, or the pith of the sweet *kaoliang* stalk, during school time. But, in spite of everything, during the eight days they learned several Chinese characters (some of the boys and two girls had been in school); they learned the phonetic alphabet; and, beginning with Christ's birth in Bethlehem, they could tell you

THE CANTON, CHINA, MAT SHED

In which the Evangelistic Campaign for December 21-31, 1920, was held. Seating capacity, 4,000. It was comfortably filled each night. About 2,000 signed cards stating that they were willing to become Christians; and about 1,000 more decided to study the Bible. The follow-up work is now in progess. Many have been added to the churches and many are still in Bible classes, preparatory to baptism. Though many fell by the wayside, yet the ingathering is large

the main facts of Jesus' boyhood; had heard the story of one of Christ's miracles; heard of his death on the cross, illustrated by a beautiful colored picture; could recite, 'God is love,' 'Thou shalt have no other gods,' and the quicker boys could say John 3: 13.

"On Sunday afternoon we had a model Sunday school, and though I could see several petrified with fright when we began the strange performance of dividing into classes, not many ran away; and from the braver ones, on our last morning, we took down the names of ten boys and five girls as the nucleus of a Sunday school for the little church, which has now been established about two years.

The Word Prospers

"We felt that we gained a real, definite hold on more than twenty non-Christians. Of these, eight were shop keepers, and their families were not in Liu Li Ho. The others we were able to call on (and here the Bible-women were invaluable), to invite the women to special women's meetings; and some even came to the church premises, not far from the tent. Of course, they represented all classes, from a blind old lady, barely able to exist, to the secondary wife of a prosperous merchant, who came to the church through the back alleyways; for though her husband approves of the Jesus church, no woman of any standing in the community walks on the main street!

"Among all the families, there is one that stands out from the rest, a shining fulfillment of Isaiah 55: 11. As the Bible-women and I finished our preaching on the second day of the special meetings for women, I turned to the women nearest me; and after asking the usual polite questions about name and family, I said, 'And what do you think; is this doctrine good or bad?' 'It is fine,' she said; 'and how do you join the church?' Not being accustomed to have one day's preaching make applicants for church membership, I looked dubious. The woman was clean and intelligent looking. 'You see, it is this way,' she said. 'Some time ago my husband, who is in Peking most of the time, heard this doctrine, and he bought some of your books. You can come to our home and see. We have no false gods; all of

GENERAL FENG YU HSIANG

Taken at Changteh, Hunan Province, with his wife and two younger children. It is General Feng who is doing such a wonderful work along educational lines, teaching his soldiers to read by use of the new phonetic alphabet, seeing that they learn trades by which to support themselves after they leave the army, and making them ready to be good citizens

us—I have two boys—can read and write; even I have been forced by my husband to study.' A neighbor agreed they were constantly persecuted because they were 'different.' Several visits to their home revealed their undoubted piety. Neighbors crowded in to hear what we had to say, and the gospel was preached in that home with unusual power.

"Tell Us the Mystery"

"As Mrs. Yüan and I finished preaching, on the occasion of our call, three stalwart young men burst into the little rooms.

"'Tell us the mystery of this religion,' said the leader; and before I could answer, 'Show us your Jesus' (they meant the picture of Christ on the cross). And so, before showing them, I told them briefly who Christ was.

"'We are busy from morning till night'—they were attendants in the near-by public baths—'but have you any books? Give us something to read.' And they were gone with several tracts and booklets, and selections of Bible verses which I was glad I had tucked into my Bible.

"The day before we left Liu Li Ho, I heard Mrs. Yin making arrangements with Mrs. T'sao, the preacher's wife, to have a weekly meeting at the Yin home. It was at the Yin home, when I finished preaching Jesus, that the little Yin boy, of his own accord, shyly peeping from behind his mother, repeated the prayer I had taught the children in the tent, 'Please, Jesus, help me to be a good child.' How quickly Jesus becomes a living reality to the children; their pure, unstained hearts easily beat in tune with his."

JAPAN

Field Days as Mission Agencies

A lively and convincing argument for the missionary's share in the town's good times in his points of contact with the people he hopes to influence comes to us from Rev. C. M. Warren, of Miyazaki. He says he had a good time on this occasion, although it was his fifth Field Day this autumn!

This time, he says, "I stayed all day long at the school Field Day, ran in two events, and I believe it was as profitable a day as I've put in recently. The school is in the country, five miles away, and as one of the teachers is a Christian who cycles in to church in Miyazaki regularly, we received an invitation to the festivities. The principal used to be head teacher here, and one young woman teacher is sister of a friend of ours. So we had several points of contact.

"The sports were of the usual kind: general calisthenics by 400 boys and girls, the upper two-thirds of the school; races for all—spoon races, relay races, races with sacks of rice on the shoulder for the biggest boys, handspring races, tug-of-war, and various stunts. The competitors were divided into companies, reds, whites, and yellows, and when it was a company win, each of the eighteen to forty in the company received a lead pencil as prize! The first race was for all invited guests, and I took part in it. The rich man of the place, a connection of Prince Shimozu's family of Kagoshima, also contended in it, and later came to our seats and thanked me, in his own name and in that of his fellow-townsmen, for being present. The second race was a 200-meter one, and I got third prize—the principal winning easily. I think that the fact of my entering the sport did quite as much to cement the comity of nations as any of our senators' recent speech-making at home."

A Club in Miyazaki

Dr. Cyrus A. Clark sends us the following:—

"One item of missionary work in Miyazaki is a club of some of the town's *élite*, mostly non-Christians—the mayor, head of the court, three

or four leading lawyers, two doctors, two judges, principal of the higher girls' school, two bank presidents, three prominent business men, the editor-in-chief and proprietor of the leading daily paper, the pastor of the church, and the two missionaries and their wives—who meet once a month at the Clark home and eat together (each paying for his own) a simple, foreign style evening dinner, prepared in the missionaries' kitchen, seasoned with interesting miscellaneous chat.

"While still seated at the table, after the dishes are removed, the topic chosen for the evening is discussed. For instance, 'The God of Christianity and the Gods of Japan,' 'Christianity and the Home,' 'Christianity and the State,' and other practical Christian themes. A short passage of Scripture, presumably bearing on the theme of the evening, is read and briefly explained; then comes a short introductory talk by the pastor or missionary. Then follows a free and informal expression of opinion on the chosen subject, instantly taken up by the company of thoughtful men, and vigorously carried on for two or three hours; till the time fixed for closing has come, when the brakes have to be quite vigorously applied to stop the conversation.

"During this period, it is understood that not a word shall be said on any other subject, and no one seems to want to talk about anything else. Usually there is lingering for a while after the closing hour for social chat, or for some music or other bit of dessert after the talk feast.

"Membership in the club is a coveted privilege, but it has to be limited by the capacity of the dining room to twenty or so; and the conversation on Christian themes is one of the chief attractions."

THE BOOKSHELF

America's Stake in the Far East. By Charles Harvey Fahs. New York: Association Press. Pp. 170.

This book is not intended so much for straight reading as for use in classes and discussion groups. It is a questionnaire and symposium combined. Each chapter begins with a series of searching questions relating to political, economic, and religious problems in the Far East. If one did no more than read these questions, he would be rewarded for purchasing the book. We have not seen a more balanced and thorough opening up of the highly intricate situation in Far Eastern lands. Following the questionnaire are well-chosen quotations from authoritative books, articles, and addresses. There is no interpretation or comment by the author, and the reader is left to form his own conclusions. The quotations do not cover, and probably could not, all the points raised by the questionnaire, but collectively they furnish a large body of information and opinion. In our judgment, it would have strengthened the presentation if in addition to well-known authorities of a conservative turn there could have been cited the opinions of more radical writers. When it comes to questions of political adjustment in the Pacific basin and of race fellowship, men like Senators Johnson and Borah should be heard as well as Robert E. Speer, J. A. Oldham, Bishop Bashford, and Prof. E. C. Moore. Even quotations from John Dewey and Harry F. Ward are not a sufficient offset, since these writers deal for the most part with general principles rather than with specific problems. In discussing the problem of the white and yellow races in their contacts on both sides of the Pacific, it would be well for people to know the point of view of a writer like Meredith R. Townsend, who holds that the difference between East and West is fundamental, and that no common life is possible between the two sections; Lothrop Stoddard, also, the

author of the "Rising Tide of Color," who "sees red" along the whole social horizon; not to mention political agitators in our own midst, in and out of the Senate, who will have none of this Christian sentiment of brotherhood between Americans and Orientals.

There are fourteen topics treated, and their scope may be judged from the following, which we select as samples: "Is Japan becoming a menace to the peace of the world?" "How can America safeguard her trade relations with the Orient?" "What hope is there that China can be saved as a nation?" "What attitude should America take toward Korea's desire for independence?" "What chance is there that the yellow race will equal or surpass the white race in leadership of the world?"

Mr. Fahs was well qualified for his task as director of the Missionary Research Library, maintained by the Foreign Missionary Boards of the United States and Canada, in New York City; also as a world-wide traveler and a close student of national and race problems. The book fills a unique place and is worthy of being used extensively in our educational institutions and churches. C. H. P.

THE PORTFOLIO

"Purest of All Social Liberators"

The *Fraternité du Nord-Ouest* describes a meeting of the Free Thought Federation of the North of France, which was lately held in the Hotel de Ville of the city of Douai. The subject of discussion was, "The duty of every socialist to connect himself with free thought movements." Various Protestant pastors defended the side of the Christian faith. The chairman, a deputy of the French national chamber, remarked, at the close, on the fact that Protestant pastors could always be depended upon to support the cause of social justice. Then, to the surprise of all, he went on to say:—

"I wish not to close this session without myself also rendering homage to Him who was the initiator of all movements towards a new society in which justice and brotherly love are to reign, and who has been the most powerful and purest of all social liberators—I mean Jesus Christ."

He continued some minutes in praise of our Lord, and so closed the conference organized by the French Federation of Free Thinkers.

Record of Christian Work.

A Spring Vision from Turkey

The winter is so horrid here. I know it seems very hard for you to believe that we are cold in Turkey, but for one thing, if you will just look at the map, you will see that as far as latitude is concerned we have a perfect right to be. Constantinople is about the same as New York, and the cold and snow of the central Turkish plateau and the Armenian mountains are famous in history. And then, as you also know, you are never so cold as in supposedly warm countries, such as the coast regions of Turkey. . . . Then, one morning, when I was most discouraged with myself, and was meditating on a sanitarium in Switzerland, if I could ever get there, I heard the spring call of the doves. And I opened one eye and the sky was blue! Now I am perfectly free to admit that before the end of the season those doves keep it up so incessantly, on every tiled roof and from every garden shrub, that you are ready to put the whole lot of them into a pie; but when first you hear them, just before sunrise, on the first soft, warm, still, cloudless day, it sounds like falling waters to those lost in the desert. So there are compensations.

There is a great deal of literature you do not understand if you are always comfortable. Just as you do not understand so many allusions to water till you have known arid regions; just as I never really understood why

Christmas has to be at just the time it is until I had been through those dreadful war winters without any lights; so you do not understand the Song of Solomon, or Omar Khayam, or the mediæval spring lyrics till you have been cold for some time.

Of course we do not have solidly lovely springs; in fact, they are very uncertain and changeable; but you are never quite discouraged after they once come. And the remarkable thing is, they come every year. *Therefore,* let us not be disheartened at this so-called spiritual slump since the war. Probably what we seem to have lost we never had. I remember an old English song that says:—

"Tell me how does love come?
Love comes unsought, unsent.
Tell me how does love go?
That was not love which went."

That was not love that went, in the widest, deepest sense of the term; and that was not faith that went, nor hope, nor sympathy, nor righteousness, either. All that we had we have. And we have the future.

From a personal letter written by one of the women who are standing by in Turkey.

The Story of Vetha Muni

Vetha Muni is one of the most interesting people I have met in India. She is or was an ordinary coolie woman, a worker in the fields. Over fifteen years ago she had the privilege of attending the mission school in the village, but only for a few days. Her parents sent her out to the fields again, and in time married her off to a Hindu. When she was twenty-three, the old desire that had been so long dormant, to live a fuller life than that prescribed for Hindu women, flamed up, and she went to the missionary, asking to be baptized. But he put her off with the demand that she bring her husband and family. Her family cast her out. She went to the Aruppukottai boarding school, a slate in one hand and a baby in the other. To earn her board she pounded rice. When vacation time came, she went back to her village and was taken back into the family.

The missionary thought she would never return, but at the close of the holidays she was back—with her aunt and aunt's children, her own husband, her younger sister, and her younger sister's husband. All these she had inspired with a desire for education. Eventually all were baptized. And now she works in Aruppukottai as a midwife, earning nineteen rupees ($6.30) a month. Her husband is teaching school; her brother-in-law has established a school in his village, and hopes to take normal training while his wife is studying to be a teacher.

Vetha Muni comes forward to greet us. She brings her nine-year-old boy with her, a bright little chipmunk of a youngster. It is for him that she works so hard to earn those nineteen rupees. She wants her boy to go to the big school in Madras and get a high education. That boy may learn many things, including English, better than his mother ever could, but he never can learn the secret of living more happily. Vetha Muni has a smile that is no ordinary smile.

From an article by Allan Hunter in "The Continent," written after a visit to Rev. F. E. Jeffery, of the Board's station at Aruppukottai.

WORLD BRIEFS

Japanese residents of New York have contributed $42,000 to the Y. M. C. A. in Japan for the construction of a model dormitory for working girls in Osaka.

At the University of Missouri a Christian Hawaiian-Japanese student maintains a Bible class of twelve foreign students. Most of the class are non-Christian.

It is reported from Japan that the Japanese government has received from the government of China a notification that after the present year no Chinese students will be sent to Japan for education. The

agreement under which the students were sent is about to expire, and will not be renewed.

On March 18, thousands of Poles in Warsaw revived an old ceremony, marching in parade from the parliament building to the old fourteenth century cathedral, where thanksgiving services were held for the adoption of the constitution of the Polish Republic. This ceremony followed the plan of one held at the same cathedral 130 years ago, after Poland's first constitution had been approved by its Diet, or legislative body. After the ceremony the procession formed again and marched to the statue of Stanislaus, Poland's last king.

THE CHRONICLE

ARRIVALS IN THIS COUNTRY

April 14. In Boston, Rev. and Mrs. C. Stanley Vaughan, of Manamadura; Rev. and Mrs. Franklin E. Jeffery and Miss Catherine S. Quickenden, of Aruppukottai, all of the Madura Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Miller, of Manepay, in the Ceylon Mission.

BIRTHS

March 7. In Tokyo, Japan, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Hackett, a son, Harold Wallace, Jr.

DEATHS

April 8. In India, from a motor-cycle accident, near Mahableshwar, Rev. L. Henry Gates, aged thirty-six years. He was born in Mahableshwar, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Lorin S. Gates, who have been members of the Marathi Mission since 1875. Educated in America, Mr. Gates was graduated from Yale College in 1903, from Yale Law School in 1909, and from Hartford Theological Seminary in 1913. With his young wife he returned to India in 1914, and they have been located at the important station of Sholapur, in the Marathi Mission. His work has been of unusual value; he was closely identified with the establishment of the Criminal Tribes work at Sholapur; he had acquired the entire confidence of the Indian people, and his good judgment and efficiency, as well as his cordial and refined personality, have greatly endeared him to the mission. His father and mother are now in America on furlough; his sister, Mrs. Charles W. Miller, with husband and child, reached Boston on furlough the very day the cabled report of the death was received.

We are informed of the death, on March 30, of Mrs. Mary Emily Blatchford, widow of Mr. Eliphalet W. Blatchford, vice-president of the Board from 1883 until 1897. Mrs. Blatchford had reached the age of eighty-seven years. During her long life she had kept in intimate touch with mission interests, and when in Boston rarely failed to call at the Board Rooms to greet her warm friends there. She served for some time as vice-president of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, but at the time of her death was living in the home of her son, Mr. Charles H. Blatchford, of Portland, Me. She leaves also a daughter, Mrs. Bliss, widow of the late Pres. Howard S. Bliss, of Beirut.

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The Woman's Board of the Pacific has called to its executive secretaryship Mrs. Helen Street Ranney, widow of Rev. William Ranney, of Hanover, N. H. Mrs. Ranney is a granddaughter of Rev. Rufus Anderson, secretary of the American Board from 1832 to 1866. With her husband she visited the mission fields, and has held office in connection with the W. B. M. I. branch work.

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An Armenian artist, Mr. L. Seraylian, of San Francisco, has painted in oils portraits of the late Dr. and Mrs. George B. Raynolds, of Van, in the Eastern Turkey Mission. The Armenian Evangelical Union of California had planned to present the pictures to Dr. Raynolds at the annual meeting of the Union, last summer, in token of the sense of gratitude the members of the Union felt for all his service and that of Mrs. Raynolds to the Armenian people. Dr. Raynolds, however, died before the presentation could be made. So the Union turned to the Board which sent Dr. Raynolds to Armenia, and through Rev. G. M. Manavian, moderator of the Union, sent the portraits to the Board Rooms in Boston, asking that they be kept until it shall be possible to send them to be hung in the halls of a restored college in the rebuilt city of Van, as a memorial of the pioneer missionary and founder of the college and his devoted wife. As Mr. Manavian says, Dr. Raynolds "untiringly endeavored for the uplift of our people; and in the dark days of our national life he labored for the relief and comfort of those who were in dire circumstances, and needed spiritual as well as material aid."

FOUR MONTHS TO GO

The Financial Task Confronting the Board

A month ago the treasurer predicted a debt of $511,892.27, on the basis of actual and prospective appropriations and the giving of the last five months of the previous year. On May first, on the same basis, he predicted a debt of $507,394.91. Both estimates are likely to be reduced by $100,000 through a saving in foreign exchange, in case the present rates prevail, and by such amount in addition as churches and individual friends may push up the giving during the balance of the fiscal year.

Taking the favorable view of exchange, we now face a deficit of $407,394.91. This would mean adding $164,850.55 to the deficit of $242,544.36 with which we closed last year.

Clearly the situation is so serious as to lead every church in our fellowship, every friend in our circle, to do their utmost from now on to better the situation.

WE APPEAL

For the acceptance of the full apportionment for the American Board.
For an every-member canvass, where none has been made.
For the payment of the Emergency Fund pledges of last spring.
For quarterly remittances from Church Treasurers.
For multitudes of extra personal gifts.
For a heroic determination to see the Board through.

IN CONSIDERING WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WILL YOU NOT BEGIN WITH YOURSELF?

CORNELIUS H. PATTON, *Home Secretary.*
FREDERICK A. GASKINS, *Treasurer,*
14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE TURKISH VICTORY PARADE, MARASH, 1920